

Chapter 5

THE SUNDAY NIGHT PARTIES

From the time the George Hawley house was built in the Upper Town, dancing was the favorite form of amusement, it was just one big room fifteen by thirty feet, so it made enough room for two sets of a quadrille. It was always possible to find a fiddler, Jim Cooper was one of the first ones then later came Bill Bracken, his son Vern, or the Chadburn boys. When the chapel was finished it was really a luxury for the dance floor was big enough for four sets of a quadrille. Every holiday was finished off with a dance and many other occasions offered an excuse for one. As the population diminished so did the dances, by the time the families moved to Central they just about became a thing of the past except for the Fourth and Twenty-fourth when so many visitors came in for the holidays. As time went on about the only recreation there was came to be the house parties. Eula Jacobson remodeled her home putting French doors between two of the rooms so it became a favorite place.

In 1932 Clawson Burgess and Dixie Judd, at the tender age of nineteen were married and the family sent them to Pine Valley to take over their farm and cattle. That same time a niece of Uncle Jode's, Melissa McElroy had just been divorced and was looking for a place to live. She was a daughter of Issac and Penelope Thomas Burgess who had spent her childhood in Pine Valley and being a granddaughter of Aunt Mahala, was still full of fun. She came with the young couple and took over the management of the Co-op store which they still owned, it became a central meeting

place. Near the Fourth of July she and a small group of young folks went into the canyon for an evening picnic and while there the suggestion was made there that we plan a party for the Fourth and have it in the old school house, as it was about the only place big enough to accomodate the crowd. The plan was carried out. The old school house, the lower story of the chapel had been allowed to deteriorate, the plaster had fallen off in some places, it wasn't too inviting until the ones who were on the picnic gathered ferns and evergreens to decorate the place until it was surprisingly attractive. The party proved to be a huge success so it was followed later by more.

One day while the ladies were quilting in that same room some of them belonged to the Dixie College faculty women's club and passed the comment that the club divided up the members and took turns entertaining. The suggestion was taken at once, two or three members took a piece of paper then everybody helping, made a list of all the people in town then organized them into committees and the die cast. The sheet was typed and hung on the wall so everyone coming to the parties could see where they were fitted. The chairman for each committee was wisely chosen but everyone in town down to the fourteen year olds was chosen as a member. The summer was divided into weeks and each Sunday listed. For thirty years or more the custom remained, a happier time would be hard to find. Sunday proved to be the best day, everyone was already dressed up and searching for entertainment and here it was.

As the years went by various types of entertainment were tried but at last everyone settled for progressive Rook, it was easiest and as players moved from table to table they were given a chance to play with about everyone in the house.

To begin with card tables had to be brought from homes, in time Bessie Snow, the un-elected Mayor, contributed enough tables to suffice. Many of the old school benches were still in the house and served for chairs for a time, then as mentioned before, Mr. Bill Battley spent a few summers there and asked to be permitted to make a contribution to the town, so the bishop purchased enough folding chairs to go around.

There were never any lights in the lower story but several families had gasoline lanterns which they brought each week, there were two big pillars in the middle of the room on which swinging brackets were placed and the lanterns hung on them. As the evenings progressed the lights would dim then one of the men would get up pump the lantern and the lights would brighten. Sometime after ten o'clock some of the committee would take a lantern into the little room at the back and prepare the party part of the party.

Over the years numerous and varied desserts were served but vanilla ice cream proved to be the most generally pleasing and the least trouble. In the first years someone would make a hurried trip to Veyo for it, but later when gas refrigerators arrived it was possible to get it in St. George when someone was on their weekly trip to town, then it meant that a committee member had to make a hurried trip to whose ever refrigerator was storing it. Living as closely as we did everyone was familiar with everyone else's kitchen. Sometimes the ice cream was served with strawberry, marsh-mellow, or carmel topping, and sometimes with a half canteloupe until Levi Snow said like the Asa Calkins miller,

"If for me you are going to fix them
bring them separate and please
don't mix 'em."

He said he liked ice cream and also canteloupe but he did not like them together.

Awarding the prizes was the last item of business, there were three of them, high, consolation and sweep prizes, the latter sometimes called the traveling prize for it would change from person to person according to who had the most sweeps at any time. The prizes were never anything very valuable they were given more for fun than anything else, sometimes they were something decidedly unusual. Sometimes the members of the committee failed to go to town that week so they would just look around their houses to find something, it might turn out to be a can or package of groceries. One package of "Shake and Bake" went from place to place as no one had much use for it. One night the traveling prize was wrapped in a big beautifully decorated chocolate box. Frank Snow won it. Someone in the crowd said, "It looks like there will be enough so everyone can have one." Rass Gardner, a kindly person, said, "If, there isn't enough you can skip me." "Oh, there'll be plenty said the doner." There was. The box had a bottle of castor oil in it.

One night the ones in charge announced that the three prize winners had to choose which they would have, the old blackboards of school days were still on the wall so they wrote the abbreviations, L.A.P.; S.A.P.; N.A.P.; the high prize winner had the first choice, the traveling one the second, consolation the third. The prizes turned out to be a Large Apple Pie, a Small Apple Pie, and No Apple Pie. The high score chose N.A.P. as it looked the most inviting.

One night it was Rex Gardner's turn to bring the consolation prize. Not long before the party started, he went to look at a gopher trap he had set. There he found a live gopher. He placed it in a baking powder can and punched a hole in the top to let the air in

so the gopher wouldn't die. Effie Beckstrom won the prize. I, Bessie Snow, slipped over to Eff and suggested that she go out and turn the gopher loose in Rex's car. She went out and couldn't find his car. It happened that Rex's daughter, Mary Esther and Frank Steheli had just got married and the family came in Frank's car. So I told Eff to come to my place early the next morning before the mail carrier arrived, and I would help her wrap the gopher up in a box. I had just received a package from Sears Roebuck so had a box, wrapping paper and cancelled stamps. We wrapped the gopher in the package, put on the cancelled stamps, addressed the package to Rex and put from Archie Gardner, Delta, Utah, in the upper left hand corner. Archie was Rex's brother. I have charge of the Post Office. So I went over and put the package in Rex's box.

As I live across the street from the Post Office I saw Rex come and get his mail. After while I was out working in my front yard, and saw Rex coming up the street. He was laughing and yelled to me, "Oh, Bess, I have the funniest story to tell you. Do you know what that darned Eff did? I found a package in my mail box from Archie and took it home. Net, (his wife) told me not to open it. It was likely a wedding present for Mary Esther. I told her it was addressed to me. So I opened it. Guess what I found? Eff had mailed that gopher to me!" I laughed real hard with him but didn't let him know I was the one who put the gopher in his box.

The children growing up could hardly wait until they were fourteen so they could be included. When Burton Snow was drowned at the age of fifteen his friends remarked that they were happy that he had, at least, gone to the parties for one summer. No parent had to worry over where his children were on Sunday night, they were not out chasing around in cars of traveling to the Veyo swimming pool, they were being entertained right under the parent's noses.

Around midnight everyone arose and proceeded to help fold up the chairs and tables and put them against the wall so the

room would be ready for a Sunday School class the next Sunday, then carrying the lanterns and the used dishes would make their way home relaxed and refreshed, ready for wash day and garden water on Monday.

The parties took the place of the New England Town meeting, there plans and decisions were made for village improvements, a new fence was placed around the cemetery, the old tithing office was repaired to be used for the Post Office, the room itself was replastered and painted.

When Glenn and Laura Snow celebrated their golden wedding in the room, she hung drapes she had had in their home in Washington D.C. where they lived for fifteen years, to the windows making it more attractive than it had ever been.

In holding these parties on Sundays we may have been breaking the fourth commandment but we were really obeying the second great one, for we came to love our neighbors as ourselves. Dan Schmutz aptly summed it up after he came and joined in them for a few years. He said one could go to church and sit by a neighbor and never know him much better, but if he sat across the table from him in a card game he soon came to know and understand him much better and came to love him. There was no generation gap.

The feeling we had for each other is well illustrated by an experience of my own, while lying in the hospital one evening awaiting the advent of my daughter after a very difficult pregnancy, good Dr. Reichman came in to visit and help me get my mind off my difficulties. He had purchased the home of Ralston and Thelma Barber after they left to spend a few years in Alaska, he made the comment that in his opinion Pine Valley had the best climate in the state. I agreed but said that it was not the climate that made it such a pleasant place to live.

"It is the way the people get along with each other, if one needs anything and the neighbors hear about it, no matter what it is,

it is soon supplied if anyone can do anything about it."

Two nights later nearly every man from Pine Valley that was in St. George at the time was lined up in his office with their arms bared waiting to have their blood typed to see if it was the same as mine for I was bleeding to death. He saved the day but not long after he threw up his hands in despair and asked for help. He said his medical book described the complication he was working with, but added not to worry for it was so rare that he likely would never get one. But he did.

My brother, Dr. Rodney Snow, who was a sugeon in Santa Monica, California, came to the rescue, after consulting with a specialist he decided to operate, the night before the operation he called our brother Spencer, who was a doctor in Salt Lake and asked him to please be sure to get a spinal anesethetic on the bus so it would get to him the next morning. Spencer said, "How would it be if I come down and bring it?"

Rod answered, "Heavens, yes, it would help."

"Shall I bring some certified blood?"

"Gad, no," he answered, "it is running down the gutters here."

I hoped Dr. Reichmann then knew what I meant. If it was one's heart blood that was needed it was freely given.

When our father died, after an operation in St. George, at the age of 48 leaving our Mother with 7 children under the age of 17 years of age most of the town came to help us out. Aunt Alice Snow came and took all of us up to her house and kept us there until they could get mother and our father's body back home. People brought food and did all they could to help. Aunt Carrie Jacobson, a close friend and neighbor, came the day before the funeral and had all of us take a bath. Then she gathered up all the dirty clothes and household laundry and took it to her place and washed and ironed them. That was in the day when clothes were boiled and punched in a black tub set on rocks over a fire in the back yard in the summer or boiled

and punched in a copper boiler on the kitchen range in the winter. Then they were placed in a number three tub and rubbed hard on a wash board to remove the marks or stains before they were rinsed. The water had to be carried from wells. Her well was a long distance from the house. She brought the clean laundry back and put the things away in the drawers and closets where they belonged.

Father's body had been placed in an oil cloth bag and laid in a box of ice to protect it while they waited for his sister Celestia, from Logan, his brother William J. Snow from the B.Y.U. in Provo, and Mother's sister, Lizzie, from Salt Lake to come to the funeral. His brother Mason lived in Wellington and didn't have enough money to pay his way to Pine Valley so he sold his milk cow to get some. He said he couldn't let his brother Frank be buried without him there for the funeral. This group all met in Provo and came to Lund on the train. Then our cousin, Arthur Gardner, met them there and brought them to Pine Valley in a buggy.

The day of the funeral Uncle Nat and Uncle Oz Gardner took Father's body from the box of ice, bathed it, put on his Temple clothes and laid him on a board that was set on saw horses and covered with a clean white sheet. We children couldn't wait to get into the parlor where he lay. We hadn't seen him since we told him goodbye the day he left Pine Valley for the operation. We all rushed forward and circled him clinging to his body. It was the first time we had ever gathered around him that he hadn't caught us up and trotted us on his knees, played games with us, taught us riddles and songs, read to us or let us ride with him on a horse, wagon or sleigh. There he lay stiff and cold with his head covered with black wavey hair, and his beautiful blue eyes closed. We cried as we clung to him. Uncle Nat and Uncle Oz stood near by wiping the tears from their eyes as they watched us. Grandma Snow went all to pieces when she saw him and they had to take her out of the room.

Father and his brother Uncle Jeter had

been very close to each other. Uncle Jeter talked in the funeral. He broke down and cried as he laid his head on Aunt Alice's shoulder, and the whole audience cried. He said that was the hardest thing he ever put up with when Father was taken out of his life.

Aunt Rene, one of Father's favorite sisters, stayed with us for a number of days during and after the funeral. He had been operated on and died in her St. George house.

We lived so closely that a thing that happened to one of us, be it good or bad, happened to all of us, when Hugh Jacobson was shot down the whole village agonized

with Eula for the five years that elapsed before his body was found, and when he was brought home the day of his funeral was a never-to-be-forgotten event. The funeral was beautiful, and when we saw him laid to rest back home where he belonged everyone went to bed that night with that comforting feeling one has after tucking the baby in for the night.

When Ralston Barber could not wait to broadcast the news that they were having a baby of their own to be company for the little girl they had adopted, we could not be happy enough. They were not the only ones that were counting the days.



The committee which delegates the community projects in preparation for the picnic, also has work to do of its own. The night before the 4th they are seen in the living room of 'Liz Beckstrom filling bags with candy and peanuts and blowing up balloons for the kids. While Bruce Snow, dairyman; left and

Malin Cox, the bishop, do their part; prankster Rex Gardner, rancher; helpfully pokes at the bishops' balloon with a pin. Mrs. Rex Gardner, front left; 'Liz Beckstrom; Eula Jacobson; and 'Liz' daughter Gwen, sack the candy.

Chapter 6

THE AFTERMATH

As the fourth generation of young people began to grow up, history repeated itself. Many of them would have loved to remain in the valley for the remainder of their lives, but again there was no way to make a living. This generation had spent only their summers here as there was no school, but could hardly wait to get back for the summers. Their love and loyalty to the valley went to the bone. They resented anything that might change their Shangri La. Time out of mind everyone who saw the valley with all the water going out of it in a narrow rock gorge thought of how simple it would be to make a reservoir of the valley, many had talked of it, but one summer some government agency sent a group of surveyors in to get accurate information on the project. Not long after some of the young boys were in the lower end of the valley...probably fishing...when they discovered the survey pegs and carefully pulled all of them up and hid them where no one would be likely to find them. Some thirty years later one of them confessed their sins but not one of them ever repented. They felt well justified.

There came many years when the valley was almost completely deserted. During World War II when there was a scarcity of men to be hired and experience showed that cattle did better by being fed in a warmer climate, the cattlemen moved their herds to lower places.

As soon as the depression lifted and more ways of making money came up, the families began dreaming of homes in St. George for the winter. Rex Gardner was one of the first

ones. He wanted a home with a furnace but felt it would be too expensive, but he did not give up, in some way he contacted John W. Pace "Dub" who was always on the look out for more real estate deals, so Rex sold him a quarter of the block of the Old Meeks lots on main street, to finance the furnace. Mr. Pace told him to just go on farming the place as he always had until he, Mr. Pace, was ready to use it. Rex continued to raise potatoes on it for many years. The years went by, in about the early 1970's Mr. Pace's son, Andrew, who had lived in many places, was in Las Vegas when he decided to take their Pine Valley ground and build a home on it which they proceeded to do. This was a landmark date in the village history, for it was the first time anyone had planned to live here the year around since the pioneer days. They built their home so it could withstand the cold winters and remained here, thoroughly enjoying it, according to them.

They fit into the life of the village happily and soon added a great deal to it. Since there was no ward here they found themselves made members of the Veyo ward and made great contributions there also. When after nearly ten years they were called on a mission by the church, they left a hollow behind them about the size of the Grand Canyon.

Just a few years after the Paces braved the winter snows, another couple, Clyde and Beverly Canon of Santa Monica, California, who had had a summer home here for a number of years, retired from their work and also came for the year around. Meanwhile

Lieutenant Colonel Evan Pickett and family had bought a vacation home here and came frequently from Santa Barbara for holidays, but when he retired they came immediately and also remained the year around.

Other changes came gradually as the years had gone by. For many years all the ground that changed hands was from one neighbor to another and there were but few of these, it was said that the only way to get ground in the valley was to either marry or inherit it, but that was not entirely true. Malin Cox sold a half block of ground he had gained from his uncle, Nat Gardner, to one of his Pickett in-laws in St. George along with a small water right. To be kind, the man divided it with one of his relatives, and soon it was cut into six small building lots. When the Peter Beckstrom parents died within a few years of each other their sons began selling part of their inheritance, but the great influx of outsiders did not come until the nineteen sixties at the death of Olaf Jacobson.

The Jacobsons had been some of the major families in the town for more than a hundred years, but they were not a very prolific family. As stated above Henry's only son Alma died in his early thirties leaving three sons, one of which was a casualty of World War II, the other two did not remain in the valley to operate the farm and cattle left to them, but both went into business in other places. Both married but neither had any children so adopted their families. They have retained their ground here and one, Lindsay, plans to return and retire here. It is to be hoped that the name remains in the valley.

The youngest original son, Hyrum had three daughters, but no sons; only one of the girls lived to have children but she no longer lived in the valley, so had no influence here.

The oldest son, James, became the father of six children who grew up in the village; James, Jr., Pearl, Frank, Estella, Irving, and Olaf. James became a successful business man, married late in life and had just two sons but they came here only on

vacations and lived elsewhere. Pearl married and had three children but died at the birth of the third one. Frank did not marry until very late and had no children. Estella went away to school with all the other young folks of the valley and became a very successful and dearly loved teacher. She taught a number of years at home and had about the most effortless discipline on record. She added much to the life of the town but did not marry until late in life so had no children; at the death of her sister she took the children to raise.

Irving, a talented and brilliant young man died of an operation while still in high school, it was a blow that changed the whole history of the family. The mother took it so hard that she never recovered, she began to withdraw into herself and did not continue to join in the life of the town and rather held the children with her. Olaf, also a brilliant young man, went away to high school, but on graduation returned to help run their farm as his father had died in the meantime.

The remaining years of the family are not pleasant to remember. The three grandchildren who were taken into the home to raise grew up and left as soon as they could, one son was killed in a car accident while yet young; the one daughter left and returned to her father and married soon after; the youngest son found employment on his own and also married.

Estella married and enjoyed a few happy years but her husband was killed in a freak accident, so she took her mother into her home and continued to care for her until she herself became an invalid with a hip that would not support her. She has been bedfast for many years being cared for by the two children she helped to raise.

The older brother, Frank, married and he and his wife moved into the family home taking Olaf in with them. Neither of the men had good health but they struggled along with the farm and cattle until Estella became bedfast, then Olaf went to her home and cared for her as best he could along with their aging mother. Frank died of a heart

attack leaving no children. The mother died at the age of 103, Olaf followed her not long after, also of a heart attack.

The miserly tendency which had afflicted the grandfather affected his family also, they had a tendency to acquire and hold everything, land attracted them and on finding that there was land in the valley that still belonged to the state they purchased two big tracts. At the time the father purchased their home he also got what was known in the town as the Cox field, as it had been owned by Joseph Cox. It was a most beautiful big meadow surrounded by scrub oak and maple trees, it was the first thing to be seen as one entered the valley, many people seeing it longed to possess it. It was in Lloyd canyon and had once been owned by the Lloyds; adjoining the field to the north was a large tract of rocky sage brush covered land, so forbidding that no one had ever seemed to care for it.

At Olaf's death there was no one left in the family who was much interested in the estate, so it came up for sale. Evidently many men had been watching it with longing eyes. A group of young men clubbed in together and paid an enormous sum for it. The Salt Lake Tribune financial page said it was the largest business transaction in the state for the time. It was a fatal blow to life in the valley as it had always been. In less time than it takes to tell it the ground was sub-divided into bite sized pieces and vacation homes sprang up like pigweeds in a potato patch. The word circulated that the new owners agreed to leave the beautiful meadow untouched to be used as a park for the new home owners around it, but if it were so, their love for money soon outdistanced their love for beauty, for it also was drained and cut to pieces. The owners soon proved that they had not made a mistake financially, for even the rocky sage brush land is being cleared and sold for more homes.

The quiet peaceful days were gone. The traffic became something like that on a California free way. The popularity of

mobile homes, campers and trailers came at about the same time. Las Vegas residents discovered the Forest Service camp grounds at the foot of the mountains at about the same time, and each weekend crowd it so full that everyone here just has to give up trying to find even a place for a picnic. Reservations for an outing or a family reunion have to be made weeks in advance.

The church is the one force that has been able to maintain the flavor of the old days. even though the ward was disbanded long ago the men who have been chosen as presiding Elder have succeeded in keeping the feel in the Church much the same as it has always been. Rex Gardner, Glenn Snow and Dean Gardner have kept all the meetings on a high level, they all deserve a great deal of credit for their influence. Dean, in particular, needs commendation as he was the only one of his generation to be raised in the valley, so has been given more than his share of responsibility, but has done it well.

Many of the people who have come in have been a tremendous help in keeping the organization in running order, Rudger McArthur and Vern Thomas, the counselors to the president, deserve thanks for their dependibility, plus many others who are always on time and on the scene when needed.

The chapel is crowded to capacity nearly every Sunday with visitors who come to where they can relax and still attend church duties.

Though most of the natives resent and regret the changes that have taken place, one young chap added a note of comfort. While standing and looking up at Forsyth Canyon and Cedar Knoll, he said, "Well, there is one thing that cannot be changed, the mountains will always be just as lovely as they are now."

Now to most of the people coming to Pine Valley, it is only a place to hunt, fish or just cool off. Many express wonder that a building like the little New England church should be found in such a small out of the

way place. To the ones who have always lived here it is still home. Each fall sees an exodus, but each spring see them all with itching feet to get back.

The dozens who have left here are much like a horse, the minute the saddle is removed they turn their faces homeward, all spend their vacations here as much as possible. The funerals of the old pioneers are much like "old home week" every one

who can possibly get here is present at the funeral. There is a loyalty that goes to the bone. Some of the younger generation are already requesting burial plots in the old cemetery, and evidently feel like Harrison R. Merrill when he said:

"And when I say my last adieu
And all farewells are given
Just leave my spirit here somewhere
O God, let this be heaven."



Tug of war, three-legged races, obstacle races, sack races, etc. Occupy the kids time after the picnic, with small prizes for winners, bags of candy and

balloons for all. Families in cars gradually drift off and by dusk the picnic area is occupied by the campers and fishermen from other parts of the state.